'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patroneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue Prerogatiue,
And when in muſicke we haue ſpent an houre
Your Lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philoſophy
And while I pauſe, ſerue in your harmony.
Hor. Sirra, I will beare theſe braues of thine.
Bianc. Why Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife heere ſit we downe,
Take you the inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd,
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument,
Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc.

Luc. Here Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeri*
ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.
Bian. Conſter them.
Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am
hic eſt, ſonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeria tellus*
thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio*
a wooing *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing
celſa ſenis that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam my inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee ſee if I can conſter it. *hic ibat Simois*,
you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtat*
take heede he heare vs not, *regia* preſume not, *Celſ*
paire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iarr
Luc. How fierie and forward our pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeue my maiſter, elſe I promiſe you
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Litio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Hort. You may go walke, and giue me leaue a while
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Muſition groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy and effectuall,